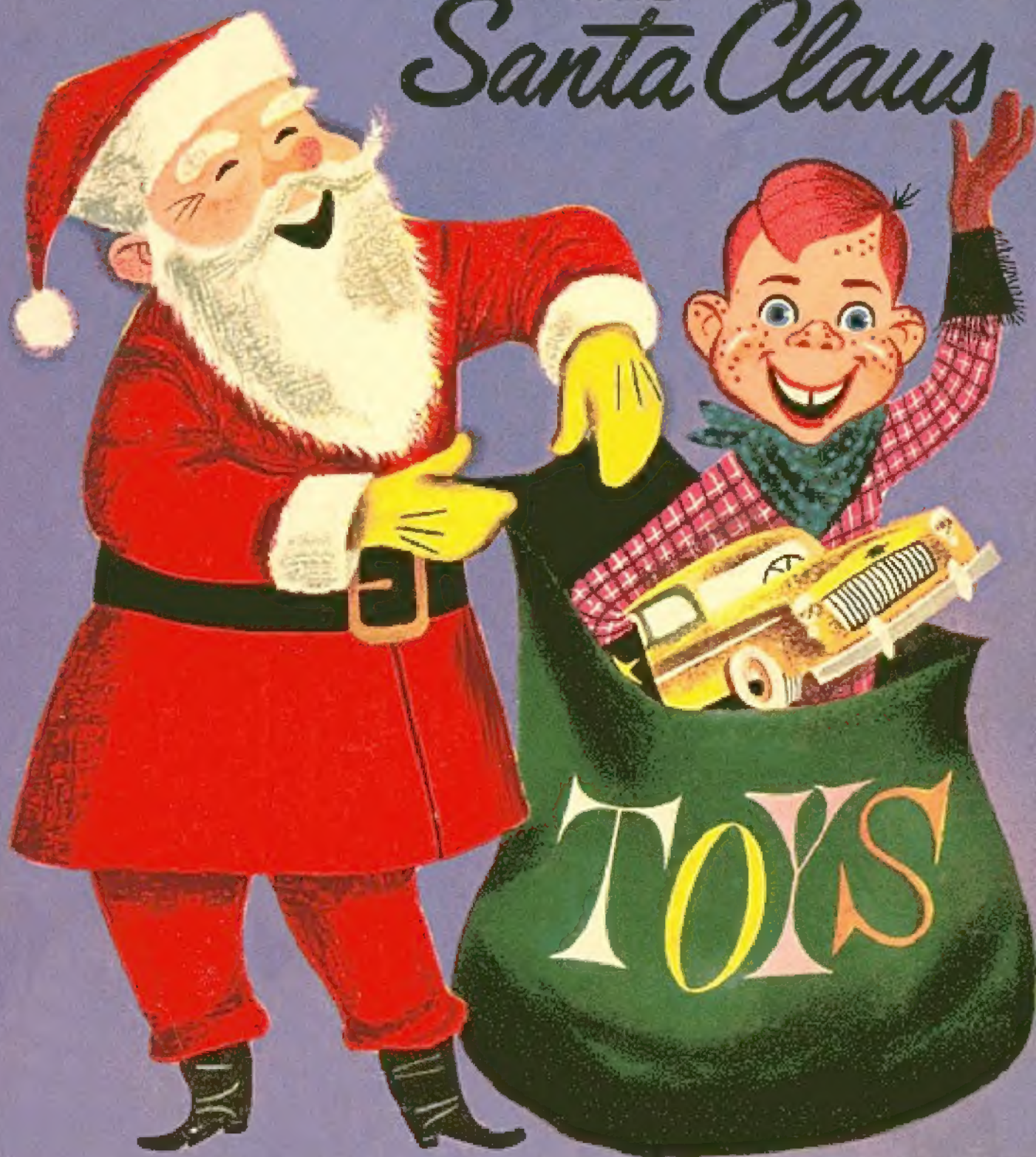


Howdy Doody

AND

Santa Claus





Little Golden Books

Little Golden Books



U B R V S E H

E W G X L

This
Little Golden Book
belongs to

LAZSREALM 2023



Little Golden Books

Little Golden Books



M C K A O Y Z

Little Golden Books

Little Golden Books



Howdy Doody

AND

Santa Claus



BY EDWARD KEAN

PICTURES BY ART SEIDEN

SIMON AND SCHUSTER • NEW YORK

THE LITTLE GOLDEN BOOKS ARE PRODUCED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

MARY REED, PH. D.

FORMERLY OF TEACHERS COLLEGE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THIS IS A BRAND-NEW BOOK, WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED ESPECIALLY FOR GOLDEN BOOKS



Howdy Doody, one of the most popular of television characters, appears here with all his friends in a merry Christmas party.

Copyright 1955 by Kagan Corporation. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form. Designed and produced by The Sandpiper Press and Artists and Writers Guild, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing and Lithographing Company.

Published by Simon and Schuster, Inc., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Published simultaneously in Canada by the Musson Book Company, Ltd., Toronto



IT WAS Christmas Eve in Doodyville, and all the gang were together at Howdy Doody's house.

"Hurry, kids," said Howdy Doody. "Santa Claus will be here in just two hours!"

"With presents for everybody," added Clarabell Clown happily, and they all cheered.

"Everybody but me," said a sad little voice and they looked round to see an even sadder little figure. It was Dilly Dally.

"Don't be silly, Dilly," said Inspector Fadoodle. "Santa doesn't forget anybody."

"But he doesn't know about me," explained Dilly. "You see, I forgot to write him a letter."





At that, they were all silent. If Dilly hadn't written to Santa, there might be no presents for Dilly Dally, that was true.

Poor Dilly Dally. As they looked at him, he quickly wiped a big tear from his cheek.

What could they do?



Suddenly the Inspector leaped up.

"I know!" he cried. "Let's turn this into a workshop just like Santa's, and make some toys for Dilly!"

"We can be gnomes and elves, and make so many presents Dilly will have more than any of us!" said the Princess.

Only Howdy Doody didn't say a word.

In no time at all, they were all armed with hammers and nails and saws, and had cleared all the tables and chairs away to make room for work benches.

"Dilly, we'll make you toys, and we'll make 'em good," said Mr. Bluster, tackling his piece of wood with great energy.



Soon there was so much banging and clanging and drilling and singing and whistling, that you would have thought the house was coming down.

"Only one hour left to go," said Howdy, busy with his saw. "How are we all doing, Princess?"



"I'm hammering a nail
To connect a tail
To a horse,
To a big toy horse,"



sang the Princess, banging away happily. "Oilwell
Willie, what are you doing?"

"I'm drilling out a hole
To pour some coal
In a train,
In a big toy train,"



Oilwell Willie replied, and *brrrr* went his drill.



"How about you, Inspector?" asked Howdy.

"I'm pasting on the hair
Of a Teddy bear,
Of a big,
Woolly Teddy bear,"

sang the Inspector, standing back to admire the big brown Teddy. "My, Captain, what's that you're doing?" he asked.



"I'm heating up some wax
To fill the cracks
In a boat,
In a big toy boat,"
answered Captain Scuttlebutt.

"Anchors aweigh!" laughed Dilly. "What about
you, Howdy?"



"I'm winding up the string
That'll work the wing
Of a bird,
Of a big toy bird,"

replied Howdy Doody, who really didn't seem to
be getting on very fast. "How about Chief
Thunderthud?"



And the Chief answered, in his big, deep voice:
"I'm puttum tickum tock
In a big cuckoo clock,
In a big,
Toyum cuckoo clock."

“And Clarabell?” asked Howdy.

“I’m tightening a screw
To connect a moo
To a cow,
To a big toy cow,”

answered Clarabell, trying hard to make a noise
like a cow.



"Boy, what wonderful toys!" sighed Dilly Dally.
"That leaves Mr. Bluster. . . ."

"I'm drilling with a drill
To build a window sill
For a house,
For a big doll house,"
Mr. Bluster told them, and kept on drilling.





"A doll house? For me?" said Dilly Dally.

"A doll house is no present for a boy, Mr. Bluster," said Howdy. "Better help the Princess make that toy horse."

"But it's a big horse, Mr. Bluster," said the Princess, "so be careful."

"What's this?" cried Mr. Bluster. "And this?"
He poked and pushed at the big toy horse until
he poked the button marked *start*.

"She's off!" shrieked Mr. Bluster, and the toy
horse went galloping off in all directions.

Cuckoo! went the clock as it toppled over.



Crash! went the boat and the train, falling to
the floor.



Moooo! went the cow.

And all the sawdust came out of the Teddy.



"Stop! Stop!" yelled Mr. Bluster.

But the horse had gone wild, and galloped right out of the window.



"Oh dear," said the Princess, looking at the wrecked workshop. "All our toys ruined."

"And no toys for Dally," sobbed Dilly Dally.

"Never mind, Dilly," said Howdy Doody, quite cheerfully, it seemed.

Just then the clock struck twelve, and the merry sound of sleigh bells grew loud overhead. There was a thud on the roof, a whistling noise down the chimney, and there stood Santa Claus!



"Merry Christmas, everybody!" he cried.

"Merry Christmas, Santa!" they chorused, and Santa began untying his big sack.

"Now, let me see . . . what have we here? A new peace pipe for Chief Thunderthud . . .





"And a new horn for Clarabell . . . And a string of beads for Princess Summerspring Winterfall . . ."

Soon everyone had a present. Everyone but Dilly Dally, who stood sadly watching the fun. "I knew it," he whispered, and Howdy Doody, who heard him, started chuckling.



"And now," said Santa, "a surprise!"

Dilly started to move slowly towards the door.

"I might as well be on my way," he muttered.

"A surprise for Dilly Dally," went on Santa.

"For me? R-Really?" stuttered Dilly. "But Santa . . . I forgot to . . ."

"Oh, I know you didn't write to me. But one of your friends did."



And Santa pulled out a letter. He read:

"Dear Santa: I really don't need any presents this year, but my friend Dilly Dally would love to have some dancing kangaroos. Thank you. Signed, Howdy Doody."

"Hurray! Dilly Dally has his presents after all. Merry Christmas, Dilly! Good old Howdy!" they all cheered.



Then they all turned to look at Howdy Doody, who had turned rather red. "Gee, thanks Howdy," said Dilly, clasping the dancing kangaroos. "Just what I wanted all the time!"

"Don't thank me, thank Santa Claus," said Howdy Doody.

"Hurray for Santa Claus!" they all shouted.

But Santa was dipping into the very bottom of his sack.

"And this is a very special present for Howdy Doody," he said, "for remembering his friends at Christmas time."





It was a beautiful toy auto! Just what Howdy Doody had wanted all year long. Now Howdy was the most surprised of all.

"Merry Christmas, Howdy! Merry Christmas to all!" said Santa, picking up his empty sack. "Got to be on my way!"

"Merry Christmas, Santa, and thank you!" they called, as he disappeared up the chimney. "See you again next year! Good-by! Good-by!"



Little Golden Books



Little Golden Books



Little Golden Books



Little Golden Books



Little Golden Books



Little Golden Books

